

# IF YOU WANT TO FIND BOHEMIA

Look for It in the Magazines (Other Magazines) and Your Search May Be Rewarded. Look for It in New York and—Why, Honestly, There Are Folks Living Right in Washington Square Who Never Even Heard of Bohemia

By HOMER CROY

Four days he searched, and then went home in sorrow and wrote a piece for his paper dispelling the myth of Bohemia, which was reprinted in "The Literary Digest" and given wide publicity.

In the words of the travel talker, come with me, and we will make a little trip together to Bohemia. We will go among the peoples who dance on the tables and say daring things.

It is 6 o'clock, and the crowd is flowing homeward, eyes straight ahead, worming by with skilful shoulder.

Up and down the streets we wander, seeking Bohemia. We go to the policeman on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street.

"Can you tell us where Bohemia is?" His eyes flash rapidly in a determination to see if he is being kidded. "You mean some of those people who are always broke? I guess you can find some of them over around Sheridan Square?"

Sheridan Square it is, then. These crooked streets, these picturesque houses, these queer shops—this must be Bohemia. A painted sign looms up: The Treasure Box. That must be Bohemia. But it may be that one has to be known, has to bear an introductory card or coveted entrance.

But the door opens unexpectedly and one is invited heartily to come in and look around. Oh, the Treasure Box is a place to buy things, which accounts for the hospitality. Inside, shopping, is an elderly woman from Tonawanda, who wants to get something you-nique. "You are sure this paint won't run when it gets wet," says the upstate adventurer, turning over a hand-painted collar.

"It's dried. Here's another collar that costs sixty cents more than some people like better." Plainly this isn't Bohemia devil-may-

care talk. It sounds more like Sixth Avenue.

Across the street to where another artistic sign invites acquaintance. As near as one can judge, more artistic ingenuity has been expended on the signs than on the interiors. It is the Ink Pot, with a hundred pen wipers for sale. Surely this is Bohemia. Think of all those lovely things made by dwellers right here in Bohemia—by people you see on the street and pass with never a second glance. We are now indeed among artists and craftsmen.

Picking up a lacquer box, we turn to the lady attendant. "This is nice. Was it made by one of the Bohemians of Sheridan Square?"

labor—the Will o' the Wisp Tea Room. Ah, this is real Bohemia! Down the narrow alley and through the dingy door into a low room with a cat asleep in the best chair. Two young ladies—story writers, they confide—are the proprietresses.

"We just sit and talk and have a good time till 1 or 2 in the morning and then we wash the dishes," one of them explains. "If you will come around tonight we will let you wash the dishes. It's quite an honor, you know, to wash the dishes at the Will o' the Wisp."

Surely these two young ladies must be the heart and soul of Bohemia; these two young ladies who sell you tea and cakes and let you wash your own

man from Springfield was up against.

"We go to the groceryman on Sixth Avenue. 'We want to go to the heart of Bohemia. Will you tell us where it is?'"

"Oh, them queer ones. I guess you will find more of them over at Ye Village Inn than anywhere else—on Fourth, between Sixth Avenue and the Square."

Outside we listen for the merry shouts and the shuffle of heels, but that is not the creed that gains us entrance—we are guided by the far-penetrating odor of corned beef and turnips. This is too, too much—corned beef and turnips in Bohemia!

Inside we find forty quiet, law-abiding and slightly sleepy citizens hurrying through their meal to get to the first performance at the Bijou Dream, with the principal article of diet the very self-same corned beef and cabbage.

The heart of Bohemia at last, a fact to be evidenced by two individuals in limp collars industriously if not hygienically eating spaghetti. Are they talking art and uplift? No, indeed! It is all He said to Me, And I said to Him, And She said to Me, And I said to His face. . . . Across the street is the Rabbit Hole, with the sign roughly upside down. Sitting on stools, manœuvring to keep a lonely log ablaze, are a dozen Bohemians lingering over a few cups of bad coffee and endeavoring to show off their education. A girl in black, more daring in dress than in ideas, removing the last of her ice cream from her dish, calls out for a finger-bowl, whereupon the wag helper passes over a dishpan, which in Bohemia is a noble joke.

Bohemia, we find, lives and has its being only in the magazines. The people who write the stories and draw the pictures are far too crafty to go there



It's an Honor to Wash Dishes

for their meals. They live comfortably among the rubber plants of Brooklyn. We will take a scene from a magazine Bohemia:

The revelry was at its height. In a corner some one was picking at a ukelele, the low notes of a dying race throbbing through the room, broken only by the scratching of an art student's pencil as he immortalized a waiter. Suddenly a voice—a clear, hopeful voice—lifted in "I Gioielli della Madonna" until the smell of the spaghetti was forgotten and the glory of lagoons and lily pads encompassed all about. As the last words died down a storm of hand cheers rocked the room, but for them she did not stay. The door opened into the night and she was gone—who knows, maybe up, maybe down. Quien sabe? The notes of a violin rose and into the bare spot made by the cleared tables a girl stepped and began to dance. "Softly as the first leaves fall she began to move, and all knew that an artist was before them. Till the last note died down, like a city in a cave, she danced, and then sank abruptly into a chair, her head falling forward, her eye on the one glowing coal.

"Waiter, waiter!" a voice broke the stillness. "A round of wine for everybody!"

It Would Not Be Difficult to Bring the Police to Bohemia

That's the way it is in stories, but it isn't that way in life. If some one got out a mouth organ at a Bohemia restaurant the crowd would go wild, and if some one ordered a round of wine the police would have to be called.

To-day there are good citizens living in and around Washington Square who are marrying and giving in marriage who know not that they are dwelling in Bohemia and who never think of it until they pick up a book with the scene laid in Bohemia and find that the streets correspond with their own. Geographically Bohemia may be in and around them, but as a state it exists only on paper.

R. W. Amick, long a dweller at 63 Washington Square, when asked if he fully realized that he was living in Bohemia, voiced neighborhood opinion when he said: "Yes, I realize it—sometimes—when somebody steals our milk."



THE WAY IT IS IN THE STORIES

"I don't know whether a Bohemian made it or not. It came from Grand Rapids."

We right ourselves and ask, "Where do you live?" looking around suspiciously to see what could be pulled out and made into a bed.

"Oh, me. I live in The Bronx."

Next door swings another sign on which has been expended much artistic

dishes; surely they must live above their picturesque sink.

"Where do you live?" we ask one of them with enough frankness to save it from rudeness.

"At the Hotel St. Denis."

"And you?"

"One Hundred and First Street."

We will not give up yet, although we are beginning to understand what the

## ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

By ALICE DUER MILLER

THE NEW CLASSICS

II

"Let the speaker read the classic stories of Circe and the Sirens, . . . and he will realize how futile and deceptive is the pretence that giving the vote to women will prevent sexual crime."—E. P. Wheeler: The case against Woman Suffrage.

In the days of old Ulysses,

In his days, and long before,

Sirens sat, alluring misses,

On a stern and rockbound shore;

And a sailor with amazement

Heard their song, and took a dive

For the rocks, where, as the phrase went,

They would eat him up alive.

Things soon passed beyond endurance,

Ships and men went down so fast;

Rates on maritime insurance

Wiped the profits out at last;

And the Galley Slaves' Protective

League petitioned all the gods

For some law, wise, just, effective,

To reduce these fearful odds.

So the gods held consultation

How to save the sailor-man

And a sudden inspiration

Came to Zeus—a perfect plan.

"Let these sirens vote," he shouted,

"Drive them to the ballot-box;

Let them once a year be routed  
From their home upon the rocks."

But the gods' humane endeavor

Did not work as you would think,

For the sirens were so clever

That they voted in a wink;

Came back home—and what was stranger—

Had not lost their winning way;

Nor were sailors free from danger

Even on Election Day.

We take pleasure—sincere pleasure—in announcing that the anti-suffragists are going to give a *Fête de Vanité*. We don't know just what this is, but it seems to be something which justifies even the most womanly woman in leaving her home.

During the past campaign the antis used a cartoon which represented a home-coming laborer and his little child, standing in a deserted house. On the table was a message from the wife and mother, reading, as nearly as we can remember "Gone to a suffrage meeting."

It seemed very, very sad; but if the message here read, "Gone to a *Fête de Vanité*" it would have been all right.

We need, said Mr. Root the other day, more men who "love their liberty so much that they are willing to give liberty to others, as well as claim it for themselves." The suffragists discovered a long time ago that that is what we need. Last year in the State of New York was found over half a million of such men; but, alas, Mr. Root was not among them.

Some love Liberty with passion,—

Or are always saying so,—

But they love her type and fashion

Of a thousand years ago.

The contemporary lady

They think very low and shady

When she calls they answer "No."

The alarming rumor that Yale University was going to admit women to the privileges of the B. A. degree has been proved to be untrue. The fears of the alumni have been quieted by the Yale Alumni Weekly. It is only M. A.'s and Ph. D.'s that Yale offers to women.

It's all right to let women compete for higher degrees.

Comparatively few men want them.

## THE OLD-FASHIONED WINTER

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among colleges. Although thousands of students have sought higher education at his hands he has reported few graduates. The list to date includes 183 sweepers, 148 drivers and 48 chauffeurs.

While medical men are discussing the best methods of fighting infantile paralysis Commissioner Fetherston is convinced that he has found it. Constant flushing of streets in congested districts, emptying of all garbage cans at short intervals and use of covered receptacles in the handling of such refuse, he says, went a long way toward preventing a spread of the recent epidemic and probably will prevent a recurrence of it in the future.

Commissioner Fetherston favors the title of "city housekeeper" for his department. Accepting the characterization as warranted by the duties of the department, he has compiled for his last report figures that show something of the magnitude of taking care of the household of a family of considerably more than 5,000,000 members.

It is shown that each "white wing" has an average of 1,805 persons to look after, as compared to the five persons for whom the average housewife must work. An average of thirty-seven

horses and twenty-three automobiles add to his troubles. Whereas the housewife sets aside one day each week to clean house, the "white wing," with his giant family, has seven cleaning days. Should a department inspector chance to call upon him and find that his route has not been cleaned, not only once, but several times each day, it is probable that he will attend one of the informal little hearings held at stated periods in the Commissioner's office.

Something of the mental attitude of the municipal housekeeper may be found in the complaint, voiced in the annual report, that the numerous openings in streets caused by subway construction are a distinct handicap to sweepers, who have much less field for their activities. Mr. Fetherston indicated that he would be glad when the messy work was completed, so that he could clean house and keep it looking tidy, as he would like to do now.

In the municipal housekeeper's kitchen may be found numerous newly constructed dumping grounds, covered over and fireproofed; many tractors, automobile ploughs, horse vehicles and gigantic trucks. Autos for messengers and new vacuum and electrical cleaning devices are among the innovations that have increased the efficiency and de-

creased the cost of city housecleaning during the last two years.

Further efforts to attain a maximum of results on a minimum of expenditure are being made through the Society for Street Cleaning and Refuse Disposal, of which Joseph R. Buchanan, one of Mr. Fetherston's department heads, is secretary. Just now the curriculum of the New York Street Cleaning College is the subject of close scrutiny by other members of the society.

The interest of employees of the department has been aroused by the recent improvements and the practical elimination of the old-fashioned winter through their own efforts. While nobody expects to give New York a Florida climate through the manipulation of street cleaning devices, employees of the city are convinced that they have taken a long step in that direction.

With the aid of the department's college it is expected that only "finished" sweepers and shovellers will be permitted to work in the city's streets in the near future. Freshmen of the college will have their yell, there will be secret societies and Greek letter organizations, and if dreams of certain members are carried out a N. Y. S. C. A. A.—New York Street Cleaning College Alumni Association.